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## THE DEMOCRAT.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1880.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF MARCH.

### A List of Prominent Events.

The 1st of March witnessed the opening of the negotiations which terminated the Crimean war. On the 2d the present Czar of Russia succeeded his father Nicholas, and Gen. Sherman defeated Early at Waynesboro. The San Stefano treaty marks the 4th. The 4th is memorable for Washington's seizure of Dorchester Heights, which made the English position in Boston untenable. The "Boston massacre" of 1770 occurred on the 5th. The 6th and 7th witnessed Napoleon's victory at Cranoe and his defeat at Laon, in 1814. On the 8th occurred the Merrimack's attack upon the Federal squadron in Hampton Roads; the 9th her famous combat with the Ericsson Monitor. The latter day is likewise notable for the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine. The 10th is the birthday of the Grand Duke, Alexander Alexandrovich, heir-apparent of Russia, and the day upon which the revolutionary tribunal was established at Paris in 1792. On the 11th Prince Henry, of England, afterwards Henry V., defeated the Welsh rebels at Grosmont, the first of his many victories. On the 14th his name-sake, Henry of Navarre, gained the battle of Ivry, celebrated by Macaulay in one of his finest ballads. The Duc D'Enghien was kidnapped by Napoleon on the 15th, his midnight execution at Vincennes coming six days later. The same day witnessed Gen. Sherman's encounter with Johnson at Avery'sboro, their final struggle at Bentonville following on the 18th. On the 16th occurred the birth of the late Prince of Imperial of France; on the 17th the British evacuation of Boston. The 19th marks Napoleon's triumphal entry into Paris on his return from Elba, as well as the birth-day of his son, the King of Rome. The present Emperor of Germany was born on the 22d. The 27th witnessed one of the hardest fights of modern history, the famous "Combat of Thirty," between an equal number of Englishmen and Bretons, the latter being victorious. On the same day France declared war against Russia (1814), and England followed her example on the 18th. The bloodiest battle of the wars of the Roses, that of Towton, was fought on the 29th, which saw also the first bloodshed of the Sepoy mutiny. The capture of Paris in 1814, and the signature of the treaty of 1856 between England, France, Russia and Turkey mark the 30th, and the 31st has the twofold distinction of Napoleon's abdication and the death of Charlotte.—New York Times.

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by "emphatic gestures of a mule."

An Illinois girl's toast: "The young men of America—their arms our support, our arms their reward; fall in, men; fall in."

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the sharp, if not respectful reply.

A bare-footed boy came crying to his mother. Mother.—What's the matter, my child? Boy.—I've kicked—boo-hoo—a fly that had a splinter in its—boo-hoo—tail.

The girl that wants a lot of elbow room around the house is perfectly easy when seated with her young man in a buggy so narrow that a sheet of paper would crowd them apart if it was inserted between them.

An exchange says: "After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it."

A sad-looking man went into a Burlington drug-store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

## A QUIET LIFE ON EARTH.

### From the Wings of Peace a Blessing Falls.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;  
I do not say, come in;  
You are a stranger to the company  
I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls  
Contentment doth abide;  
And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,  
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room  
In which I toil for bread  
And that, because oblivion is my doom  
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,  
The property your own?  
Is he not rich who finds his lot divide,  
In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries  
'Twixt which my body moves;  
But I behold a wider land that lies  
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take  
My largeness of delight?  
Are not all things created for his sake  
Who reads their meaning right?

It is not mine, this landscape I behold?—  
Mine to enjoy and use  
For all life's noblest uses, though no gold  
Has made it mine to lose?

## A Thrilling Story.

### I.

Within the dim recess of a cloistered chapel that formed part of an ancient castle whose turrets and pinnacles shone like German-silver tooth-picks in the calm, cool moonlight of a winter's night, knelt a maiden, and as the light streamed through the tall windows that skirt the apartment it fell on a face of surpassing loveliness.

That face was the girl's and across it now and then swept a look of anguish which showed that there was something gnawing at her young heart like a cancer-worm, corroding with the rust of misery the inner portals of her soul, and plowing up her young face with furrows of care.

Suddenly she buried her face in her delicate hand, on the forefinger of one of which sparkled an almost priceless gem. A convulsive shudder passed through her frame, causing it to writhe as if in the agony of despair.

What could it mean?  
Suddenly a voice was heard outside, and the hinges of the drawbridge creaked mournfully as the warden let the old thing down. A sound of footsteps followed, and a voice cried, "What, ho! within there!"

### II.

It was a solitary horseman, and he had got safely over the brow of the hill.

### III.

Quickly springing from his foaming steed, the knight rapped loudly at the door of the castle, which was opened by the maiden we saw erst while in the cloistered chapel.

With a glad cry she fell into his arms and his good arm tightened around her waist until at least two inches of slack could have been taken up in her corset strings.

### IV.

He was Sir Roger de Hagger, and the maiden was his affianced.

### V.

One more squeeze, and he looked down into her clear blue eyes.

"Didst thou think I would fail thee, lady?"

No, George; you know I never could believe you false, but that nasty, horrid little first next door said she'd bet you wouldn't come. But you have come, haven't you, darling?"  
He said he had—said it with another hug.

### VI.

Then the lady grabbed her things from the hat rack in the front hall, and soon they were en route to see those new goods, just arrived at the store of B—, H— & Co.

### VII.

The end. (Go there yourself.)

The National Greenback Convention, which met at St. Louis on the 27th ult., nominated Stephen B. Dillany, of New Hampshire, for President, and B. J. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice President.

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen and cloves and coffee, too, are eaten there.

Republican State Conventions have been called as follows: Texas, March 24; Kansas, March 31; Connecticut, April 7; Kentucky, April 14; Massachusetts, April 15; Virginia, Georgia and Oregon, April 21; South Carolina, April 28; California, April 29; Wisconsin and Tennessee, May 5; New Hampshire, New Jersey and Maryland, May 6; West Virginia and Michigan, May 12; Illinois, May 19. —Knoxville Chronicle.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A man's virtue should be measured, not by his occasional exertions, but by the doings of his ordinary life.

"A man thinks of heaven as he thinks of home—a place he believes he can go to when all other places are closed to him."

Attention is called to the fact that the reward of \$47,500 offered for the detection of the Nathan murderer is still in force.

A New York girl has started a novel scheme for the relief fund of the Irish. She sells kisses at fifty cents a piece. They are assisters kisses.

"Pa the bare wun hund dols," is the way a half-millionaire in Chester, Penn., wrote it, but they don't go back on the check on that account.

A Georgia man fired seven shots at a wildcat, killed his dog, wounded a farmer in the leg and put one of his own eyes out. The wildcat escaped.

A Kansas boy earned a nice Bible by committing 300 verses to memory, and then he traded his Bible for a shot-gun and accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

Geese are raised for their feathers in Texas. One goose ranch in Western Texas, has 300 geese, whose feathers are plucked every two months, each one averaging a pound and a-half a year.

An Indiana girl who sued for breach of promise found all her love-letters confronting her in court, and rather than have the jury know that she spelled it "mairy" for marry, "harte" for heart and "hapie" for happy, she withdrew the suit. "Young men, save your love letters."

It was the voice of that middle-aged reprobate, MacStiggins, as they marched him off to the station-house on the charge of violent inebriation. "Farewell, the spirit-stirring rum, the ear-piercing wife; a fellow's occupations gone."

Knoxville Chronicle: Judge Head, of Gallatin, and Dr. Baird, lectured on the same night in Lebanon, their respective subjects being "The Boy" and "The Devil." There are people mean enough to say that the two lectures were really the same under synonymous, but different headings.

Advices from Isabella, Ga., give an account of the killing of an old man named Martin (colored) in Worth county a few days ago. He had been hunting his cow and sat down on the river-bank to rest. An alligator was a few feet off and made a sudden rush upon the defenceless old man, struck him down, seized him by the head in its powerful jaws and dragged him into the water.

The mutilation of coin by clipping has increased so greatly of late in the Northern cities that it looks very much as if some enterprising scamp or scamps were making a regular business of extracting the metal for money-making purposes. The mutilation is punishable with fine and imprisonment, but the law is seldom enforced, owing to the great difficulty experienced in detecting the offenders.

About two weeks ago a child was born in a family in Buckhorn, Penn., which was a natural curiosity. It was a two-faced child, inasmuch as the back part of her head also had the appearance of a face, lacking only a mouth. On the front face it had two months, two eyes and a nose that extended to the chin. It nursed and cried from either side, or rather from either mouth. The child was fully developed, yet it only lived ten days. Many people called to see the curiosity during its short life.

A large number of colored people in Ohio, claiming to be the descendants of the slaves of Samuel Guist, of England, who settled in Virginia, are organizing to prosecute a claim for the large estate said to have been devised to them. Guist settled in Virginia and in dying bequeathed freedom and a portion of the estate to each slave. The latter were taken to Ohio in ignorance of the will, and the descendants only lately learned of it. A large portion of the estate remains in England, while the lands are in Hanover and Amherst counties, Va., and includes the Dismal Swamp.

Says the Palatka, Fla., Herald: "We pay this compliment to the colored people of Palatka: For ten or eleven years in this community we have witnessed their upright walk and good conduct. A case of petty stealing is an exception—our outdoor matters are never disturbed by them. They have two churches—Methodist and Baptist. Both are well filled with hearers. Their ministers have the confidence of the citizens. They seem to be progressing mildly and regularly, morally and religiously. They have respectable homes of their own, and are doing their best to improve them."

## Joe Hooker and the Confederates.

How it came about that 3,000 Confederate soldiers cheered lustily for "Fighting Joe Hooker" is explained by an editor of the Rural Sun, published at Nashville, Tenn., who was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., during the severe winter of 1862-4. The General visited the military prison one day, and all the inmates were drawn up in a line for inspection. His keen eyes seemed to scan every man from head to heel, as he slowly passed before them, and at the upper end of the lines the party halted. The General, half-wheeling his horse, lifted his plumed hat with as much grace as if they had all been courtiers, and a soft expression passed over his face as he said: "Young gentlemen, I am sorry, very sorry for you, and hope soon our differences will be settled so that you all can return safely home again." Simple as the expression was, it was so different from those they had been accustomed to hearing from the commander of the prison that it touched the hearts of the "ragged Rebs," like a current of electricity, and instantly three thousand throats gave a lusty cheer for Joe Hooker.

The Queen of England has a salary of only \$6,000 a day, and no wonder that her numerous progeny is always starving. Parliament has every year to make an appropriation to pay the debts of the Prince of Wales. He is quite an awfully expensive luxury. And yet this is the least expensive royal family in the great powers of Europe. No explanation of the starvation in Europe is necessary.—Nashville Banner.

The schedule of the passenger trains which are now running daily on the Cincinnati Southern Railway are as follows: Going south, leave Cincinnati 8:40 a. m.; arrive at Chattanooga 10 p. m. Going north, leave Chattanooga 4:50 a. m.; arrive at Cincinnati 6:30 p. m.

## A BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

### What he Thought of the Denominations.

Burlington Hawkeye.]

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window-pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World" and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and, seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes!" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked. "Some union mission school," I hazarded.

"Now," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice time, but too expensive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a Receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stop at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a Union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track; straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their ticket before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for or you can't get on at all. When the car's

full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of any accident on that road. Its run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train-dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent where that road ran to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see any one give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a train that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to undertake it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest roads in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; direction doesn't interfere with Division Superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but its pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the Division Superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But its a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I asked.

"Now you're shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh! Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; and when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes, every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but its all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hill on the other, and it is a steady climb up the grade all the way till the road ends where the fountain-head begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time and no prairie dust blowing at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want."

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"